

Where Humps are Trumps

(Says Martin
Thornhill)

YOU thought the camel's doom was sealed. Well, he is still on the field of battle, performing deeds of valour and endurance that put other animals—and motor transport—to shame.

Plane, car, lorry, have driven nails in the camel's coffin, but they can never close it tight. In the mountains, in waterless bush country where aircraft cannot land, in territory where motor vehicles can be ambushed by felling trees, camels can achieve more than any M.T. unit.

And so "camelry," as the Army calls them, are still in the forefront of the fighting, are still transport of the first and second line. Whole camel units, like the famous Egyptian Comps, have been mechanised. But in others, sections have been retained for special work in special regions. In some cases the whole unit still operates as camelry. There are good reasons.

A camel doesn't panic. He's a sturdy, stoic, uncompromising beast. He will take a bullet wound without flinching, will even travel till the day's end with lungs perforated by bullets, before falling dead. It has been done—often. A camel likes to finish his job.

"Ship of the desert" is not just an idle epithet. The title has been earned a thousand times over, for a camel carries with ease a pack-load of 5-600lbs—the weight of four average men. Normally he moves at only three m.p.h., but the beast with a good hump, with pads still sound and solid, uncracked by heat and rocks, will do it for most hours of a stifling day. If necessary, he will do it for several days on end, and without food or drink.

Stomach and hump are largely responsible. The hump acts as a reservoir of nutriment, which the animal stokes up when food is plentiful. And in the stomach of the uncouth beast are a number of cups or cells in which fluid can be stored against later need.

A desert water hole may be stagnant, unfit for human consumption, but a camel will drink from it with relish and without harm. And it is remarkable fact that bad water, so absorbed, not only quenches a camel's thirst, but is filtered by the animal's peculiar internal mechanism and passed on to man in the form of milk. On occasions, men travelling the desert with camel caravans have sustained themselves entirely on camels' milk.

In India's hill country camels are used to carry sick and wounded soldiers in twin "ambulances" slung over the back. Though not over-comfortable travelling for sick or injured, in some parts this is the only reliable—in fact, the only possible—transport.



Speed on such occasions is of minor importance. But swift movement is not so foreign to the camel as you might imagine. On many an urgent mission—police and military—he has achieved 12 m.p.h. And kept it up, too. Lawrence of Arabia frequently had to urge his beasts to unaccustomed speeds like these for days on end. And if you could see these quite splendid, if ungainly, animals taking the hurdles at an Eastern gymkhana you would be surprised as well by their amazing agility.

The Maharajah of Bikanir's Camel Corps is still one of the crack regiments of the Indian Army. It wasn't so long ago, either, that our own Life Guards did yeoman service in Egypt as camelry. "Believe me," wrote Lord Wolseley to the C-in-C, "these household cavalry are teaching me a lesson."

Yet it was a long time before our men, accustomed to horses, could get used to the peculiar gait of their new mounts. The two legs of one side, moving simultaneously, set up an unpleasant motion which often makes new riders well and truly "seasick."

Nor did the Life Guards ever grow very fond of their desert steeds, as they were of their horses. For camels are surly beasts. Never do they become attached to any human beings, though they are essentially one-man animals, and will work harder for their usual masters than for any other.

If camels have become a back number for military operations in all but special terrains, it will be a long time, if ever, before they relinquish their civilian roles. In North Africa, Asia and East-Central Europe the queer, ungainly animals still saunter awkwardly in front of primitive ploughs. Till fairly recently they roamed wild in Spain, like ponies on Dartmoor.

They are the only practical transport in vast areas of the earth, especially in the Sahara. Due to the extension of railway and motor traffic in the more inhabited parts of North Africa, some of the old caravan routes have fallen into disuse. But scores still cross the great desert in various directions, passing by way of the oases. Several camel caravan routes run across Turkestan. In Asia, transport between Northern China and Mongolia and across the Gobi Desert is by the same ancient but reliable means. There, however, the animals are Bactrians or two-humped, instead of the one-humped breed of Africa, Persia and Arabia.

Scattered as they are almost all over Asia and North Africa, it is hardly surprising that camels can stand up to temperature variations of 60 degrees in a few hours. Which explains the phenomenon of camel hair, that remains alive long after it has left the animal.

It explains its varying suitability for the finest fabrics, for driving belts, floor coverings, cordage, tenting, blankets. It is not, however, sheared or plucked, like wool from sheep. A camel sheds its hair, and in the path of caravans, "trailers" follow watchfully. Gathering up the clumps as they fall, the collectors put them in baskets carried by the last few animals of the long, unending train.

Considering its compatriots' enduring usefulness, we can almost hold with Mohammed's conviction that his favourite camel, Al Kaswa, earned a privileged place in Heaven. Say the believers, he shares it with some other animal celebrities—Albaraka, the Prophet's horse, Tobit's dog, Balaam's ass, and Kotmir, dog of the Seven Sleepers.

Home Town News

BLIND MAN'S SKILL.

INHABITANTS of the Dorset village of Martinstown are still talking about the remarkable luck of CHARLES SEAL, a blind basketmaker, who won three first prizes and one second prize at four consecutive village whist drives.

Charles, an expert card player, uses his own Braille pack of cards at the drives. The other players call their cards as they play them, but Charles, of course, identifies his hand by touch.

Son of a London policeman, he lost his sight following a street accident in London nearly 30 years ago. He went to Plymouth to learn Braille and basketmaking, and then settled in Martinstown, where he earns a good livelihood, for he is an expert craftsman.

Whist is his recreation, and he has attended village drives regularly for years. On one occasion he surprised the "locals" by winning all thirteen tricks.

"And I did that again, twice running, playing at home with my wife and daughters," confessed Charles, with a chuckle.

John Allen continues "Knights of Soccer"

WAS FOOTBALL'S "STEAM ENGINE"

Bald-headed Speedster Star

"HE isn't a man—he's a blinking steam-engine."

These words were used by a famous international forward after he had spent an afternoon playing against Moses Russell, stocky Welsh international left-back, and the finest defender ever to play for Plymouth Argyle.

Moses Russell was playing for Merthyr Town when the late Bob Jack—father of the great David Jack—manager of Plymouth Argyle, saw him in action.

A keen eye for a first-class man, Bob Jack saw in Russell a genius, but was not anxious to sign him.

You see, Moses' hair was very thin; in fact, he only had one or two locks, with the result that the majority of folk, quite naturally, took him to be much older than he really was.

The manager of Plymouth Argyle remarked that it was a pity Russell had not been "discovered" earlier, and did not believe it when he was told that Moses, despite his lack of hair, was only twenty-two years old.

BIRTH OF MOSES.

"Would you believe it if you saw his birth certificate?" a friend asked Bob Jack.

"Believe it!" echoed the manager, "why, I'd sign him on the spot."

When he saw that Moses really was only 22, he did sign him on the spot.

Russell, with the passing of years, became one of the game's greatest personalities. With his bald pate, speed, and likeable enthusiasm, he, together with Fred Craig, a six-foot two-inch goalkeeper, and right-back Billy Forbes, from Denny, Scotland, kept Plymouth Argyle unbeaten at home for two years. This was a record of which he was justly proud.

Known as "Don" to his team-mates, Russell appeared in 23 international matches for Wales, and in international matches, as in League games, he inspired everyone by his will-to-win spirit and never-say-die outlook.

If a forward beat Russell he did not give in. After the man he would rush, and I have seen a right-winger have to try and outwit Russell on at least four occasions before being able to slip over a centre.

"It's like having to beat at least a couple of backs when you play against Moses," a Scottish international once said to me, "for when you've got past him you discover he's caught you up and is again waiting to tackle."

His unquenchable enthusiasm for the game and love for Plymouth Argyle and Wales will never be forgotten by those who saw him in action.

THE TWO JACKS.

Jack Hill, who later gained England caps as a centre-half, was another with an enthusiasm that carried him to fame.

Unlike the "stopper" pivots of to-day, Hill believed in attack. A tall fellow, and carrying a fair bit of weight, he was as light on his feet as any feather-weight, while his head-work would have done credit even to the mighty Dixie Dean. In short, Jack Hill was a natural footballer, with all the skill of a forward and defensive determination of a full-back.

These, moulded together, produced a super half-back who ranks among the best ever to play for England.

Bob Jack spotted young Hill playing for Durham City. The Plymouth chief was one of

those experts who can instantly sum up a player's possibilities, and when he noted other talent-spotters in the stand, he decided to approach Hill and ask him if he'd like to join the Argyle.

By the time Jack had reached the Durham dressing-room Hill had gone home, so the Plymouth manager decided to have a walk around the streets before returning to his hotel. By sheer chance he walked into Jack Hill, introduced himself, and made the player an offer.

His terms did not satisfy Hill, whose requirements did not meet with the approval of Bob Jack.

"I'll tell you what," said the manager. "We'll toss for it. Heads—you win and stay in Durham. Tails—I win and you join the Argyle."

Jack Hill agreed to this project. Bob Jack won the toss, and the Argyle received their greatest half-back. Later, when he moved to Newcastle, a huge transfer fee changed hands—but to Bob Jack he remained "the good-looking young fellow I tossed a coin for and made into an international."

Plymouth Argyle have developed their own "Knights" as forwards, too, and Sammy Black—the finest winger never to gain a cap—and many-times-capped Ray Bowden, come to mind.

Sammy Black, a little fellow, as tough as teak and fast as a hare, was deceptive in every way.

To look at him, one never suspected that he was a footballer, but the shot he "packed," considering his size, was terrific.

He specialised in cutting in from the touch-line, drawing the goalkeeper from his goal, and then tapping the ball into the empty net.

Altogether, he scored nearly two hundred goals for Plymouth Argyle, a wonderful performance when one considers that he operated on the wing.

BLACK, KNIGHT.

In contrast to Black, the other "Knight," Raymond Bowden, looked every inch a star footballer. Of medium height, dark and good-looking, he was a "Jack-type" forward. The Plymouth manager dis-

covered him playing for Looe. He saw him play only once before signing him—against Tavistock, when he scored ten brilliant goals.

At home in any of the inside forward berths, Ray Bowden, in the late twenties, developed rapidly into goal-scorer and goal-maker. So impressed were Arsenal by his resemblance to David Jack that they paid big money for him in 1933, and he gained his England cap.

Bowden then moved on to Newcastle, and even to-day is among the best forwards in the game.

In the meantime, Plymouth Argyle fans may wonder where the successors to Russell, Hill and Bowden are to be found. Plymouth, however, always rise to the occasion, and when peace returns I have no doubt that they will once more bring before the public new "Knights" of the big game.



Think These Over

My centre is giving way,
my right is in retreat;
situation excellent. I shall
attack.

Foch.

I should like to see, and
this will be the last and the
most ardent of my desires,
I should like to see the last
king strangled with the guts
of the last priest.

Jean Messellier, in
his Will, 1733.

Man is only a reed, the
weakest thing in nature;
but he is a thinking reed.

Pascal.

He that is not with me is
against me.

St. Luke.

Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got
without content;

'Tis safer to be that which
we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell
in doubtful joy.

Shakespeare.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

We'll Make Our Fortunes

PART 3

HE was looking at her, eager and excited, but she met his advances with an unfamiliar resentment. She tied the handful of clinking coins in her handkerchief, and dropped them back into her pocket.

"You found some," she answered, with a sudden quaver of indecision. "Why shouldn't I find some?"

"Where?"

"In the Fern Cave," she replied.

"When?"

"Weeks ago. They're those you bought. I sold them to Nickel—or Annie did, for me." Annie was an elderly servant at the "Coswarth Arms."

"You sold them to Nickel? How many were there?"

"Six—three silver ones and three gold ones. But I didn't know that then," she added quickly.

"What did he give you for them?" Martin demanded.

Anstice gave a bitter laugh. "Annie got half a crown, after haggling."

"The infernal rogue!" Martin exclaimed hotly. "Why, they were worth at least ten pounds."

"And I'd hoped to get at least ten shillings," she went on with unconscious pathos.

Martin tried to console her. "Cheer up, Anstice," he said.

"We'll soon make that right. I'll sell the others for you if you like; and—the less old Nickel knows about this the better."

She smiled her thanks.

"It would be ripping of you

Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

if you would," she replied. "You see—Mr. Lynn—oh it means such an awful lot to me. I—I never had so much money in all my life. It—it means—"

With a rush all her reserve gave way, and words flowed, one fast upon the other, from her lips. Martin listened in amazement to her hopes and dreams. In this unexpected wealth Anstice saw freedom and independence; escape from that tragic home of hers and the empty, terrifying prospects that loomed ahead of her.

"They won't let me try to earn my own living," she protested, "just because mother happened to be a Cubert. I don't wonder people laugh at me, pretending to be a lady while father's an innkeeper. And what have I to look forward to? Nothing. I couldn't even be a general servant—I can't cook." "It isn't as bad as all that," he said, trying to check her bitter words. "There's your mother's aunt; she'd be glad enough to have you to live with her."

Martin was referring to old Miss Georgina Cubert, the one member of Enid Pendrew's family who had kept in touch with the outcast. Every year Anstice went on a visit to the grim Victorian old dame, whose pride of ancestry was such that she refused to admit that her niece's marriage could affect the family. She held that Enid's alliance had ennobled the Pendrews, not degraded the Cuberts. A fierce, eccentric old woman, she had come deliberately to stay at the "Coswarth Arms" when Pendrew had taken it, much embarrassing the neighbouring county families by doing so.

"Oh, Aunt Georgie!" Anstice broke out. "She only thinks of me as a freak. I loathe staying with her—all her friends come to look at me to see if I'm funny."

He laughed at her, but she went on, her eyebrows furrowed, her eyes determined:

"I want to be independent; to earn my own living, away from all this—this stupidity. There must be scores of things for a girl to do in London, if only she could learn—typing, or the stage, anything." She leaned towards him, an intense eagerness in her usually quiet eyes. "Mr. Lynn—if only I could get a hundred pounds—I might—if you'd help me."

He glanced at her quickly. Poor, plucky Anstice, dreaming that she might possibly raise a hundred pounds with which to gamble for the chance of hard work in freedom, when she had, as it seemed to him stumbled upon a treasure that would make her rich beyond her wildest hopes. In spite of himself he broke into a laugh.

Anstice winced; the eagerness faded from her eyes, and she turned her face away from him. "Of course I was a little fool to think you'd understand!" she said bitterly. "So you think I'm an idiot, do you? All right; but I'll do it by myself—you'll see."

"Anstice, don't be so touchy," he retorted quickly. "I understand, you queer child. But—" he was smiling again now—"you are an idiot, Anstice."

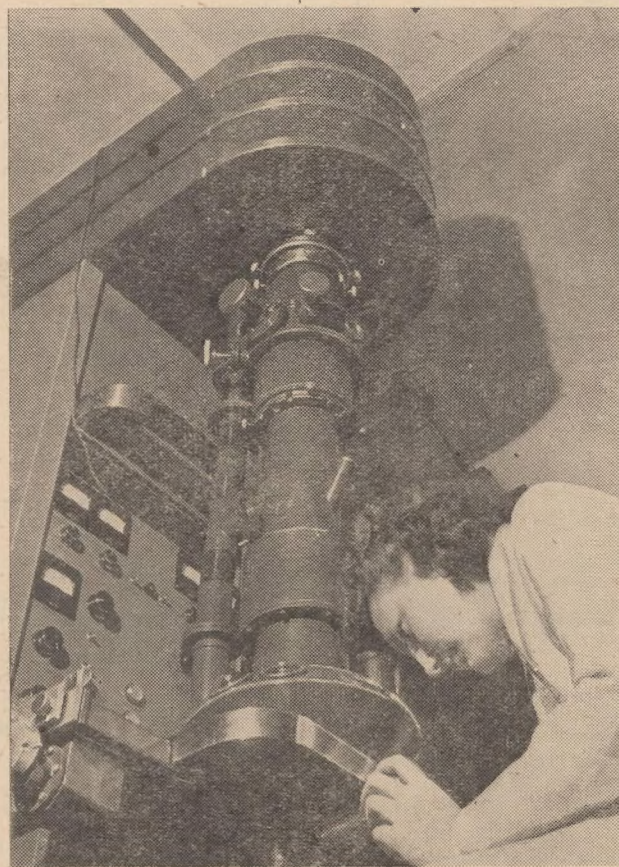
"Why?" she asked, reassured by his manner. "I don't see why you say that."

"Then I'll tell you, my foolish child. Sit down." He took her arm and jerked her on to a great lichen-covered boulder beside them. "You want a hundred pounds, don't you? What you don't understand is that so far as I can make out you're going to get thousands of pounds; and I'm going to help you to get them."

THEY sat there till the light faded from the western sky, and the evening mist, rolling up from the land, hid the creek and the white houses of Polruth in its woolly folds.

Very quietly, he told her all he knew and surmised of Parker's Hoard, and she revealed herself to him in quite

SHE'S LOOKING INTO A NEW WORLD



The girl operates in the picture an electron microscope, sent from America under Lease-Lend. The most powerful ordinary-type microscope, using light through glass lenses, can magnify up to 2,500 times. That appears immense, but, in fact, it leaves whole "worlds" undiscovered. For instance, the viruses of many of mankind's most troublesome diseases remain invisible. But the new super-microscope magnifies 50,000 times. A pin's head would appear the size of four houses if enlarged by this instrument. How can it do this? The reason is that, instead of using light, the microscope utilises the minute electrical particles called electrons. And in place of glass, it uses a magnetic field as the lens.

JANE



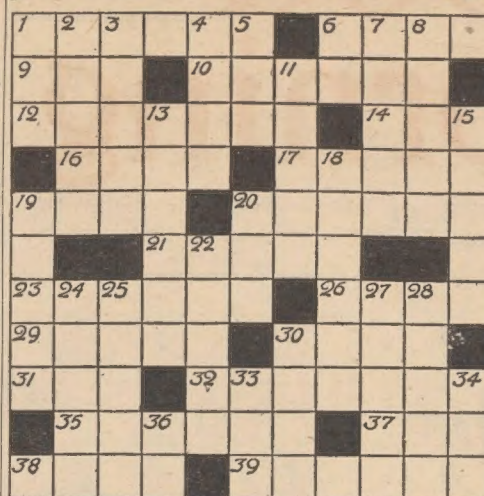
"YOU DON'T SEEM A BIT TIRED, DINAH!—I SUPPOSE YOU'RE USED TO RE-FUELLING THE FAMISHED FORCES?"

"YES, I NOTICED THAT!—THEY ALSO WAIT WHO ONLY STAND AND SERVE, YOU KNOW!—HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN—SERVICE WITH A SMILE?—YOU NEED GLAMOUR FOR THIS JOB, DINAH—WHATEVER YOUR MUM SAYS!"

"AH, BUT YOU SEE, I'M NOT JANE—JANE!"

"WELL, I ONLY GOT THE TAIL-END OF YOUR QUEUE, DEAR!—THE BOYS JUST LEFT ME AT THE POST!"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Begone.
- 6 Kaffir warriors.
- 9 Relieved.
- 10 Spring time.
- 12 Liken.
- 14 Plunder.
- 16 Sing rhythmically.
- 17 Increase.
- 19 Head.
- 20 Collect.
- 21 Weights.
- 23 Butt.
- 26 Unfortunately.
- 29 Go slow.
- 30 Congress.
- 31 Fireside.
- 32 Try to excel.
- 35 Cotton gauze.
- 37 Through.
- 38 Cereal.
- 39 Short-coming.

HEART SLAT
ACCOUNT DOO
GLEAM AMOLE
A MISLEADS
BIT CHEER I
ARUM R KEYS
R RILED LET
OBTRODES R
DOLES TAMAR
ARE TREMOLO
ESPY READY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Curve.
- 2 Flower.
- 3 Own.
- 4 Trim.
- 5 Preservative.
- 6 Pronoun.
- 7 Deserve.
- 8 Plain speech.
- 11 Inoculation fluid.
- 13 Promise.
- 15 Short county.
- 18 Attack.
- 19 Throw.
- 20 Floor cover.
- 22 Repulse.
- 24 Scent.
- 25 Disprove.
- 27 Permission.
- 28 Top room.
- 30 Sandy mound.
- 33 Intermediate.
- 34 Consume.
- 36 Short steamer.

a new light. She seemed to grow up suddenly. Eager and excited she still was, but intensely practical. She spoke with a new air of comradeship. She had adopted him, as it were, as her partner in a great adventure.

When he suggested, in his enthusiasm, that they should go at once and search the cave for more treasure, she laughed.

"But how can we?" she asked.

He remembered at once. The Fern Cave was accessible only at the lowest of tides, and then for about an hour at the most. Approached by a low entrance it expanded into a vast cavern, with maidenhair growing in profusion from its dripping roof.

They arranged their meeting. Martin was to sail round in *Sally*, and Anstice was to meet him at the foot of the cliff.

"And you say you found these coins in the sand, at the back?" he asked.

She told him the story of her find: how she had happened upon the first half dozen coins having gone into the cave in search of ferns. "I didn't know what they were," she explained innocently.

It was then that she had persuaded Annie to sell them for her, and, in her disappointment at the apparent worthlessness of her treasures, Anstice had abandoned any thought of seeking for more.

Who was following you?" asked Martin.

"I suppose it was only one of the fishermen. They're always searching along the beach at low tide after a storm, but—I don't know—I can't explain it; I had a feeling all the time that I was being watched."

"Well, keep a sharp look-out to-morrow morning," he said as he left her. He thought for a moment. "I tell you what, Anstice," he added. "We'll change our plans. I'll take *Sally* round the point, and be fishing from her just off the cave."

You come by the beach. If you suspect anybody about, sing out to me and I'll pull in. If it's all clear, go straight into the cave and I'll follow."

(To be continued)

HUMOUR QUOTES

All our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

Goldsmith.

A Curate—there is something which excites compassion in the very name of a Curate!!

Sydney Smith.

The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began, But the backbone of the Army is the Non-commissioned man!

Kipling.

QUIZ for today

1. A mallard is a hammer, cloak, bird, dye, silkworm, country dance, large ant?

2. Who wrote (a) *Troilus* and *Criseyde*, (b) *Troilus* and *Cressida*?

Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Nicaragua, Bolivia, Latvia, Venezuela, Panama, Chile.

4. What one word means "stamp collector"?

5. Where is the original Bridge of Sighs?

6. What height should a table-tennis net be from the table?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Holster, Ulster, Holocaust, Hockle, Harpsichord, Horoscope, Hospice.

8. What is three times one-third of two and a quarter?

9. What abbreviation is used to signify "for example"?

10. What two books in the Bible are named after women?

11. What does "Ecce Homo" mean?

12. Name four wild flowers beginning with "Wood."

Answers to Quiz in No. 362

1. Musical instrument.
2. (a) G. B. Shaw, (b) T. F. Powys.
3. Mantilla is a shawl; others are musical terms.
4. New Zealand.
5. 9 inches.
6. "Charley's Aunt."
7. Rudiment, Ruminant.
8. Arrows.
9. Jerusalem.
10. 3 florins, 1 shilling and 2 pennies.
11. Rudyard Kipling.
12. Chaffinch, Chough, Chiff-chaff, etc.

USELESS EUSTACE



"See, Merryweather, Hitler's not the only one to have the rocket-gun in mind!"

WANGLING WORDS—309

1. ADD six to AD and make it hungry.

2. In the following first line of a famous poem, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Thuscent a drune eret gardensip.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BET into BOB and then back again into BET, without using the same word twice.

4. Find the hidden London suburb in: Some people think that not to go to church is wicked. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 308

1. D-IV-ERS.
2. Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
3. TOLD, bold, bald, band, sand, SAID, laid, land, lard, card, cord, cold, TOLD.
4. D-on-caster.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

SIDELIGHTS ON U.S.A. (1).

AMERICANS are very reasonable in discussion. They will accept facts and they don't mind bluntness; indeed, I believe they like it. What they can't stand is suave evasion, any dodging of the point. Their own method is to be forthright and even a trifle boastful. Our very quiet approach, our understatement, can seem to them almost akin to furtiveness, as though we had something to conceal. I think we should be wise to reconsider our methods, and, as an afterthought, be more sturdy and less flattering.

J. L. Hodson.

SIDELIGHTS ON U.S.A. (2).

I HAVE discerned from countless contacts with American G.I.s that the main bar to understanding is a difference in appreciation. For whereas they admire what is new and enormous, we tend to admire what is small and old. Their familiarity with the wide open spaces makes them uneasy in our tight-packed little island, and obtuse to the charm and beauty of our little fields. Their passion for modernity renders them slightly contemptuous of our careful continuity, nor do they understand at all the appeal of ancient things. Being mechanically minded, and attaching undue importance to those contrivances which represent for them not only a standard of living, but an actual social status, they do not understand our comparative indifference to the comforts of the home.

Harold Nicolson.

THE MASS MIND.

THOUSANDS of young people enter the factories every year to find no intellectual satisfaction in their work, and almost certainly none at home, their parents having undergone similar negation themselves at an earlier period. Only decay and degeneration can result. This state of affairs must intensify in the future as industry follows its present trends, if no remedy is taken, a remedy that must be applied by the society that demands mass-production to maintain and increase its consumption of factory-made goods.

H. Kay.

THE HOME MARKET.

WOMEN cannot be blamed if they have concentrated thought and action on their economic position. But what of the home market? Every day her value becomes more apparent, yet her field of responsibility in keeping sound moral standards has not been fully recognised. Other countries have appreciated the debt that this country owes to those homes on Christian principles. Now, with economic self-support in demand, this is leading to neglect of home, and so injuring the best interests of the country. Home-making is work that requires thought and training, but education and training alike point in a very different direction to-day.

Olive Wickham Legg.

EDUCATION FOR WHAT?

WE understand education for profit, for knowledge, for politics; we fail to realise that all drive comes from the spirit, and that if you can give men a sense of what human civilisation means and of their place in and duty to it, you give them the motive to acquire and to use knowledge. Make people disinterested and keen and they can do anything; without these qualities, all the knowledge in the world is little use.

R. W. Livingstone.

EQUALITY.

THE demand for equality has two sources; one of them is among the noblest, the other is the basest of human emotions. The noble source is the desire for fair play. But the other source is the hatred of superiority. At the present moment it would be very unrealistic to overlook the importance of the latter. There is in all men a tendency (only corrigible by good training from without and persistent moral effort from within) to resent the existence of what is stronger, subtler, or better than themselves. In uncorrected and brutal men this hardens into an implacable and disinterested hatred for every kind of excellence. The vocabulary of a period tells tales. There is reason to be alarmed at the immense vogue to-day of such words as "high-brow," "up-stage," "old school tie," "academic," "smug," and "complacent." These words, as used to-day, are sores; one feels the poison throbbing in them.

O. S. Lewis.

MANNERS.

GOOD manners... I mean by them a willingness to please people and to please them in their own way and not in mine; good manners in this sense entail, it is obvious, many small sacrifices. In this sense, clearly, they have declined. Why? Because of the rush and hurry of life in the modern world; it is a world in which we are all trying to save time, yet there have never been people who have so little time to spare as we who are always trying to save it. Now, good manners are a product of leisure.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

Good Morning

In ma bonnet,
cuttie sark an'
a', an' a'!

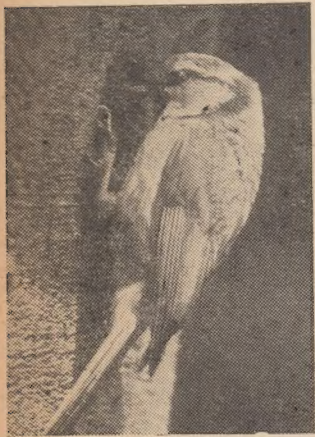


"Yes, I know, old man, but it's a bit awkward until you learn to use your hind legs."

Republic's June Havoc
certainly seems to tally
with her name.



An At Home with a Blue-Tit (or *Parus caeruleus*, if you're scientific).



Anyone at home,
chum?



Who called? Was
that the missus?



Anyway, it's time for
home and bed.



No, can't come out
to-night, old man.
Keeping house while
the missus is on
munitions.



This England

Home to supper and bed,
as the early evening shadow
falls in the narrow streets
of St. Ives, Cornwall.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Fair 'disaster'
isn't
she."

